



MONTEREY NEWS

July 1999
VOLUME XXIX • Number 7



The Town

Y2K Preparedness. On June 14 the Select Board, Fire Chief, Police Chief, and Highway Superintendent met with MEMA to discuss Y2K preparedness for the town. Much information was gathered and residents can anticipate a mailing and an article in the *Monterey News* in August or September with practical guidelines from MEMA and other sources for individual and town readiness.

Town Committee Appointments.

The Select Board has made two appointments to Town committees this month. Rick Mielke has accepted appointment to the School Committee and will take Jed Lipsky's place representing Monterey. We thank Mr. Lipsky again for his excellent community service on the School Committee and wish Mr. Mielke well in his new role. Ron McMahon has accepted appointment to the Parks Commission, replacing Bill Meiers.

New Town Secretary.

Bonnie Tedder Jurgenson has been hired as Town Secretary. Ms. Jurgenson has been employed as Office Manager for Clark and Green, Inc., Architecture & Design for the past nine years. Prior to that Ms. Jurgenson worked in various capacities as office manager, paralegal secretary and private investigator while living in the Washington, D.C., area.

Ms. Jurgenson brings excellent communication, organizational and



Arnie Hayes and the band prepare to lead the 1979 I Love Monterey Day Parade (photo courtesy of David Bach)

clerical skills to her job. As was discussed at length during this year's Town Meeting, with the hiring of Ms. Jurgenson, the Select Board intends to change the Town Secretary job description to include increased management responsibility. Her responsibilities will include overseeing the bid process for Town projects, permits, legal notices, and communication between Town boards. She will take classes offered by the state in town government, procurement, and other matters relating to the conduct of town business. Bonnie brings years of experience and a desire to serve the Town to the best of her ability.

Bonnie is a native of Salisbury, Connecticut, and currently lives in Housatonic with her husband, Chris, and their daughter, Jhori. She previously lived in Monterey for three years, so she is already familiar with our town and is excited about meeting more of the townspeople. We all look forward to working with her for years to come. Stop by the Town Offices and welcome her

Cultural Council Reorganization. The Monterey Cultural Council has been temporarily subsumed by the Select Board, who will work to straighten out the finances and sort out some administrative details. The Town is seeking individuals with an interest in arts and cultural events to serve on the Council in an ongoing manner. Please contact members of the Select Board if you are interested.

Reminder: Bulky Waste Days. From 8:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. on Wednesday,

July 7, and on Saturday, July 10, and from 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. on Sunday, July 11, Monterey residents may bring large items, such as sofas, mattresses, and other bulky waste to the Transfer Station. These opportunities come only twice a year so take advantage!

Profile: Bob Curtis and Erin Spaulding. Erin Spaulding, the 1999 Mt. Everett Valedictorian is "the pride and joy of her grandparents," Bob and Josephine Curtis. Bob, who is in his fifth year as manager of the Monterey Transfer Station, was happy to talk with this reporter about his family and Erin's accomplishments.

Monterey residents know Bob Curtis as a courteous, reliable presence at the Transfer Station. What many don't know is that after serving on the carrier *Bunker Hill* in the Pacific from 1943-46, Bob supported his family as a private carpentry contractor. In October he and Josephine will have been married fifty-two years. "I'm proud of that; in fact there are very few things in my life I'm ashamed of," says Bob.

When Erin graduated first in her class at Mt. Everett this year, and got a substantial scholarship to Smith College, Bob couldn't have been prouder. She was president of the Honors Society, has participated in many dramatic productions at Mt. Everett, and sang in the choir.

Erin's mom and dad have lived with Bob and Josephine for nineteen years, since before Erin was born. Bob attributes his grandchildren's success (Erin's older brother, Bob, is a senior at the University of Massachusetts and has made Dean's list every year) to a close-knit family that sup-

ports each other. Bob got his family values from growing up with his mother and six siblings who all had to work together to make ends meet. He has created a loving supportive environment for his family. Erin, her two brothers, and her mother and father live in the house Bob built as a young man on Mount Washington Road.

Bob works at the Transfer Station and maintains a big garden where he grows much of his own food and gives away as much as he can. "I'm a great one to eat leftovers first so they don't go to waste." Sitting in the dark shelter at the transfer station, Bob's face shines with pride in his family, lighting up the room when he speaks of his granddaughter: "Erin's got it all, good-natured, easy to get along with, pretty ... she's got ambition and brains, everything she'll need—I hope!"

We are sure that she has everything she needs, having come from a loving home. Congratulations to Bob, Erin, and the whole family for their success.

I Love Monterey Day, July 17. See schedule and information on page 3 and on posters and leaflets at the Monterey General Store and the Roadside Store.

Note: Jay Amidon is looking for teams to register for the basketball tournament. Ages 11-14; 15-18 and adult coed teams should call Jay at 269-4430.

Calling all local musicians: Give Karl Finger a call at 528-2963 if you are interested in participating in the festivities on July 17 from 4 p.m. on into the evening dance. The more the merrier!!

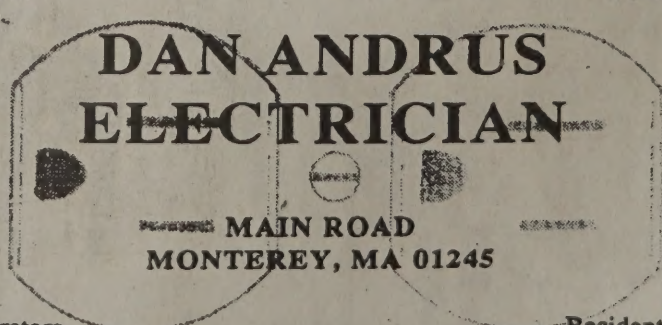
— Amy Goldfarb

MONTEREY LIBRARY

Monday 7-9 p.m.
Tuesday 9:30 a.m.-noon
Wednesday 3-5 p.m.
Saturday 9:30 a.m.-noon
..... 7-9 p.m.

Phone 528-3795

The *Monterey News* is published monthly under the auspices of Monterey United Church of Christ, Monterey, MA 01245.

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I Love Monterey Days

Schedule of Events

*** Saturday July 17 ***

Basketball Tournament

Greene Park

10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Call Jay Amidon, 269-4430
to register.

Library Book Sale

Library Lawn

10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Brewer Pond Nature Trail Hike

Brewer Pond

11 a.m.-12 noon

Led by Bonner McAllester & Bob Rausch

The Homestead Garden

Bidwell House

2-3:30 p.m.

A hands-on program demonstrating historic gardening techniques. Discussion will pursue the history of the homestead garden and its effect on the culture at large. The evolution of tools will be another primary focus. A variety of tools will be used by participants.

(sponsored by the Mass. Foundation for the Humanities)

The Parade

Center of Town

3:30 p.m.

Come celebrate the ringing of the bell. Come with bells on your fingers and bells on your toes. Design a float.

Wear old "I Love Monterey Day"

T-shirts.

Plan to follow the parade to the evening's festivities at the Firehall
Contact Ellen Pearson at 528-1988.

The Food

Fire Hall Pavilion

4-7 p.m.

Roadside Store comes to town to cook BBQ, serving fresh foods and fun.

The Music

Fire Hall Gazebo

4-5:30 p.m.

Open mike—local musicians are welcome to play, to dance to ring your chimes.

For more information call Karl Finger at 528-2963.

Theatre Performance

Fire Hall Gazebo

5:30-6:30 p.m.

The Gould Farm Players will perform a series of one-act comedies while the community dines

The Silent Auction

Fire Hall Pavilion

4:30-7 p.m.

Come bid on goods and services from local businesses, support the Town, and contribute to the success of future "I Love Monterey Days"!

For information call Muriel Lazzarini.

The Dance

Fire Hall Pavilion

7-9 p.m.

Dance the night away with friends and neighbors. Come see what varied and wonderful music and dance Karl Finger has in store for us.

Will You, Won't You, Will You, Won't You, Won't You Be in Our Parade?

What will you be in the parade on I Love Monterey Day? Belligent? A bellows, a bellyache, a belly dancer, a belly flop, a belly full? Bella Lugosi? Belles lettres? Whatever you do, don't Belate!

Line up at the Sandisfield Road/Rte. 23 intersection by 3:15 p.m. on July 17. Call Ellen Pearson for registration and details at 528-1988.

*** Sunday July 18 ***

The Kids Fun Run

Center of Town

9 a.m.

Come run for fun.

Contact members of the Parks Department for more information.

The Annual Knox Trail Run

The Old Fire Hall

9:30 a.m.

Come and run this popular race, or just encourage the runners along the route.

For more information talk to the Parks Department



MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF

CHRIST

Sunday Service • 10 a.m.

in the Meeting House

Keith Snow, Pastor

For Information and Assistance:

Judy Hayes

528-1874

MaryKate Jordan

528-5557

MONTEREY

A LOCAL HISTORY

Edited by Peter Murkett, Ian Jenkins, & Kim Hines

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Checks to "150th Anniversary Celebration"

Bell Lore

"... and Easter Day we didn't get to the country, so we took young Cyril to church. And they rang a bell and he said right out loud, crumpets."

— T.S. Eliot,
The Family Reunion

Bells mark the large and small moments of our lives. They wake us up; warn us of fire; alert ships of rocky coasts; signal danger, the hour, weddings, deaths, the beginning and the end of war. Bells call us to church and to dinner. They tell us where the cow is, where the sheep are, when school starts.

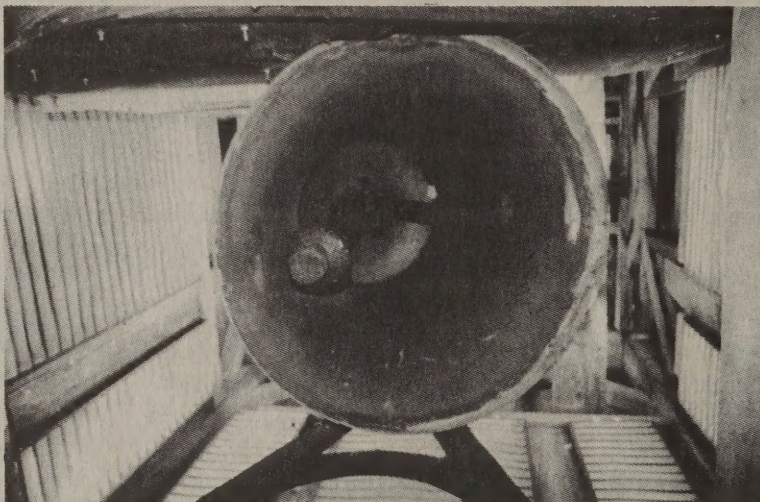
The bell in the tower atop Monterey's newly restored Meeting House bears a stamp on its shoulder: *Meneely's Foundry, 1849. West Troy, New York.* We know that our bell tower was not added to the existing church building until the 1880s, so we can assume that this bell was acquired from another location.

In *New England's Monterey* (1955), Julius Miner gives this account of the bell's audition:

As the present village became industrial a church was built. One day some scaffolds were erected and bells were hung on it. The people assembled and listened carefully as the different bells were struck. The one now in use is the one selected. Listen for its rich, mellow tone.

According to information sent by Dennis Holzman, a colleague of Kathy Wasiuk, Meneely's Foundry, begun in 1826 by Arthur McNeely, remained a family-held, single-product business for well over a century, casting some of the most important bells, pads, and chains used in this country and abroad. Among its notable achievements, under the ownership of Andrew's son Clinton Hanks Meneely, were:

- the Independence Hall bell, Philadelphia, that replaced the original Liberty Bell;
- the Columbian Liberty Bell at the



© WAYNE DUNLOP

1873 World's Columbia Exposition, Chicago, which weighed 13,000 pounds;

- the Westminster peal in the Metropolitan Tower, New York;
- the Grace Church chimes, New York;
- the great chimes of Minneapolis Court House, at the time of construction the largest in the world, consisting of ten bells with a total weight of 30,000 pounds.

Clinton Meneely took part in the Civil War in various capacities, organizing the Black Horse Cavalry in New York and

participating in all the important battles of the Army of the Potomac, including those at Fredericksburg, Chambersburg, and Gettysburg. He was an aide-de-camp to James S. Wadsworth, and since Wadsworth was in command of the troops protecting Washington in 1862, Meneely came into frequent contact with Abraham Lincoln, to whom he was related through the Hanks family. (His mother was Philena Hanks a descendant of Benjamin Hanks who came to this country from England in 1699 and later manufactured the first chimes and bells as well as the first tower clocks in this country.) Andrew Meneely met Philena Hanks when he was apprenticed to her father, undoubtedly beginning his lifelong study of the manufacture of bells.

So the Monterey church bell and we who will again harken to its "rich mellow tone" are in illustrious company. Even in its Monterey venue, our bell has served momentous purpose. Until the late 1940s the church bell doubled as a fire alarm. It was replaced by a siren on the old firehouse across from Brook Walsh's home. Now firefighters are summoned by the ignominious; but effective, beeper.

Kathy Wasiuk says that it used to be the responsibility of a child of the town to ring the bell for church. Kathy waited eagerly as a young girl to be big enough to pull the heavy rope and then be carried up in the air. She remembers swinging up and down as the bell rang out on Sunday mornings. "It was a secret joy of my childhood to ring the church bell," she said.

Ray Tryon told of a bell ringing technique called "tolling" that was employed on auspicious occasions in Monterey. To toll a bell is to cause it to sound single strokes, spaced at regular intervals, especially in announcement of a death or a funeral. Ray also said that when he rang the bell as a boy, he did not ride up and down on the rope but rather he figured out a way to release it and grab it again on the downswing.

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Other than Julius Miner's story we have found no records of the purchase and installation of the present church bell. Delight Dodyk's account in *Monterey: A Local History* of the previous meeting house in Monterey's old center relates that its bell was prized by the congregation and that some horses in town responded automatically to its call. This church and its bell were sold at auction in 1873 to Methodists from Housatonic, where they remain in use today. In the church record book, page 135, January 1875, there is an accounting of the modest receipts from that sale:

Meeting House	\$275.12
Stove	5.50
Bell	150.00
.....	\$430.62

On I Love Monterey Day, July 17, 1999, we will hear the sonorities of our venerable Meeting House bell and will celebrate the deep sound and significance of bells through the ages.

— Ellen Pearson

The Meeting House Real Estate or "People Place"?

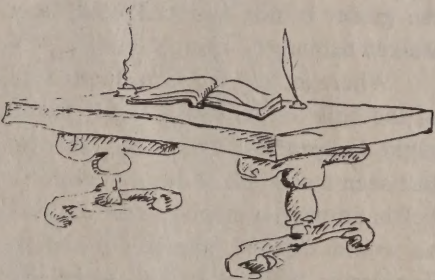
It's hard to believe that the Meeting House renovation project is just about completed! At least the exterior part is. The Massachusetts Historical Commission required that the repairs and renovation be finished by June 30. Apart from a "punch list" drawn up by the architect and the repair of the unforeseen rot in the southwest corner sill, the work should be done. In connection with the unforeseen repair work and expense, it was suggested that we apply for another grant from the M.H.C.; we were told that some additional monies might be available. There were. We did. And we received an additional \$18,000! Wonderful! Since that can only be spent on the exterior of the Meeting House, it will free up some of the local money that was raised earlier for use on interior repairs and renovations.

We are hoping that there will be enough money "left over" to take care of most, if not all, of the interior needs of the Meeting House: painting upstairs and downstairs, cushions for the pews, renovating the kitchenette downstairs, refinishing or new carpeting for the floor upstairs, a new handicapped accessible rest room downstairs, repairing the pipe organ. It has been estimated that the

downstairs costs alone will run around \$20,000. Estimates are being solicited for the upstairs. As you can see, it is not likely that we will have enough money to cover all of these expenses.

It has always been my contention that, if the Meeting House is *for* the Monterey community, then it needs to *be* community space; that is, an inviting environment with some of the basic facilities and comforts for public use. With the repairs and renovations mentioned above, the Meeting House will be an acoustically wonderful place for worship, music, and drama upstairs and for other get-togethers downstairs. It is certainly aesthetically pleasing to have a nicely restored Meeting House in the center of town. However, we will have missed the point of this whole effort if we are concerned only about real estate. Or even ringing the bell! This has been and should be a place for lively activity for all ages. Now is the time!

— Keith Snow



Linda Rabiner Hebert
Broker Associate, GRI, CRS, CRB



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The Bell Man of Monterey

Gray Heath was born in 1902 to Ellery G. and Lulu Belle Gregory Heath. One of six children, (five boys and one girl, all but Gray called by names other than their given names), Gray turned out to be a special child. He attended school, but he could not learn. He could do simple work, but he needed constant supervision. His nephew, Orville, Jr. (son of Orville "Shine" Heath, Ellery's eldest boy), describes Gray as "not a bad looking person—his face was normal," but, as Orville put it, "he had a mental problem."

Eleanor Kimberly, who grew up on Blue Hill Road, remembers that Gray would accompany his father, Ellery, on his jobs as Highway Supervisor (or "Road Boss" in Eleanor's words). Another of Gray's contemporaries, 97-year-old Tim Burke of New Marlborough Road, describes Gray following a procession of a road maintenance crew: "A hired man ran the horse-drawn scraper; Ellery pulled the grader behind a tractor, and Gray walked behind shoveling stones."

Wherever he went, Gray made note of the bells in the town. Later, in the night, Gray would walk to the place he had seen a cowbell, a dinner bell, or a bell hanging in somebody's rafters, and he would secretly take it. He had an impressive bell collection, (some say two hundred or so) in a big cupboard in the apple orchard behind his family's house (the white house now belonging to the Bynacks across from the Monterey Firehouse). The bells were



Ellery Heath's children (c. 1915, order unsure): Orville, Wendell, Gray, Eleanor (Billie), Tom, Ted. (Photo courtesy of Orville Heath, Jr.)

arranged by size from smallest to largest, and Gray would go there and ring those he wanted to hear and "laugh like crazy" according to Ray Tryon. "He had 'em all named," says Tim Burke. "Ding Ding and names like that."

Bobby Heath (son of Harold, called "Tom" Heath said, "If you moved a bell to a different position, Gray would go down there later and know. Far as memory was going to, you couldn't beat him." Eleanor Kimberly recalls, "Gray could pick up a bell and ring it and tell you where each bell came from." "He had a great memory," says Orville Heath Jr. "He could remember people. You could bring up a name of someone he might not have seen in years and he would know something about them."

Tim Burke tells of Gray's stealth and acumen with cows whose bells he coveted: "He'd lay there and chew away with the cow, two, three days. Then he'd get the bell." Eleanor Kimberly describes Gray's guilelessness: "There were cows people couldn't get up close to. I don't know how he did it! He once took a bell from a cow in Tyringham. He saw the cow's owner the next day and asked if the man had found the bell's strap in the tree where he had hung it. He didn't know he was stealing. He was a little off, you know."

Eleanor was the child of Noel Hart, who farmed on Blue Hill Road. She says that she heard in "a round about way" that Gray always said he would never take a bell from Noel Hart. When Noel sold his farm, he gave Gray his wagon bell ("It had a special sound; you could hear it jingling a long way off."), and Gray happily added it to his collection. When asked why Gray never took bells from Eaton's farm where Tim Burke worked, Tim said, "We padlocked them on the cows."

Schoolboys sometimes teased Gray Heath, as boys will do. Often he would "laugh loud. He enjoyed it" (Tim Burke). If he didn't enjoy being teased, he would make that known (without force) and the taunters would back off (Orville, Jr.). Ray Tryon recalls a practical joke on Gray that backfired. The road crew was working on River Road, and some town boys found a

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From left: Lewis and Merretta Jerome, Lulu Belle and Ellery Heath, Gray Heath
July 29, 1956. (Photo courtesy of Orville Heath, Jr.)

big bullfrog near the river. Unaware of Gray's deathly fear of frogs, they sneaked the frog into his lunchbox. When Gray opened the box, the frog jumped right onto his chest. He "hooted and ran off down the road and was not seen for a few days."

Gray was an inveterate walker. Occasionally he went all the way to Great Barrington, and every couple of months he walked to Tyringham, unannounced, to visit his father's brother. "They were good to him when he got there," said Orville, Jr. "He had the mind of a child."

Gray was embraced and tolerated by his family and the townspeople. Ray Tryon says that people would see Ellery if they wanted a stolen bell returned and he would give it back. Orville, Jr., says Gray's parents had "an overabundance of patience." They took Gray to the State Hospital in Northampton for a few days, but they brought him back home. "They couldn't stand to leave him there."

Ray Tryon said Gray could "whistle

like you couldn't believe." Tim Burke said he would "whistle for the fun of it. He would put his fingers in front of his mouth and whistle loud."

Gray Heath must have loved sounds (or was he resonating with his mother's given name?) He outlived his parents and all of his siblings, and that is probably why he was in the Northampton State Hospital when he died, in 1968, of heart disease and pneumonia, a sad end to the safe and satisfying life he had lived enchanted by the plangent reverberations of his bells. It is a testimony to the grace and compassion of Gray's family and the community that for most of his life he was a safe and happy citizen of the town.

— Ellen Pearson

Silent Auction Opportunity

You can show everyone how much you love Monterey by donating an item or service that can be presented at the silent auction on I Love Monterey Day. The proceeds will help to perpetuate this festive event. Already headed for the auction tables are a museum bench by Peter Murkett, custom designed jewelry by the Banners, an antique from Corashire Antiques, cheese from Rawson Brook Farm, a gift certificate from Flowers Make Scents, and pottery by Edie Ross, to name a few.

To participate, please call Fran Amidon at 528-1233 or Muriel Lazzarini at 528-5796.



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Monterey Land Trust News

The annual meeting of the Monterey Preservation Land Trust will be on Saturday, July 17 (*not* Sunday, July 18, as previously announced), during the "I Love Monterey" weekend. The meeting will once again be held at "the barway" and will begin at 11:00 a.m. for the election of directors and other business. It will be followed by a hike on trails old and new. The following have been nominated as directors for 1999-2000: Jane Black, Mary Brock, Fred Chapman, Andrea Dunlop, Chris Dunlop, Suzanne Hoppenstedt, Nancy Marcus, Gige O'Connell, Storrs Olds, Kathryn Roberts, Joyce Scheffey, Jon Sylbert, Roger Tryon. Peter Vallianos is our attorney. If you would like to offer a candidate for nomination, please call me at 528-0550.

We are going great guns on the Mt. Hunger trail. We have made one loop and are working on another. We can now walk the trail without having to retrace our steps. We have just begun work on the new loop trail that extends due west past the barway and joins another new trail, which runs close to a magnificent ledge that in places rises a good twenty feet. Massive boulders abound at its base, and it is awesome in the antediluvian sense of the word. We have been working at clearing sight lines to these outcroppings.

We still have a ways to go to meet the requirements of the state-sponsored Stewardship Incentive Plan (SIP) grant. Any help you can offer will be most gratefully accepted. What we need are clippers (both the tools and the people) and people to drag off the heavier branches felled by chain sawyers. Also chain sawyers. So far Suzanne Hoppenstedt and Storrs Olds have been our mainstays, both putting in hours every Saturday. They have had some intermittent help, but could use lots more.

We work on Saturdays, and some Thursdays, from 9:00 until 11:00 a.m. If you have them, bring: pruners, axes, chain saws, bug spray or net shield. If you don't have any of the above, just show up—we have extra equipment, and there's plenty of clearing to do that doesn't require any. Wear long trousers, gloves, eye protection, and stout boots. To sign up, call Suzanne Hoppenstedt at 528-1786.

If you would like to see a map of the property, call me (528-0550) and I will send one. The trails are flagged with red surveyors markers, but we hope to have them properly marked by the end of summer. We also need the money to print a new brochure. We also need a kiosk for posting information, holding brochures, etc. Help on any of these items would be appreciated. See you on the mountain!

— Joyce Scheffey

Monterey Historical Society Summer Events

Friday, July 23, 7:00 p.m. The Monterey Historical Society will meet in the Historical Room at the Stockbridge Library. Barbara Allen, former Curator of Collections at the Berkshire County Historical Society, is now in charge of the Stockbridge Room and has invited our members to meet for the evening in Stockbridge and enjoy their fascinating collections. Ms. Allen will give a general overview of the historic resources to be found there and point out items that have specific ties with Monterey. There will be a short business meeting before the program. The Room is located in the basement of the Stockbridge Library on Main Street. Visitors are encouraged to join us.

Saturday, July 31, 9 a.m.–12:30 p.m. The Museum Room will be open with a special viewing of farm implements and tools used for ice harvesting, in addition to appropriate photos and the usual displays. This event is planned as an introduction to Town & Country Day on August 1, sponsored county-wide by the Clark Museum in support of their major exhibition of works of Jean-François Millet. The Bidwell House will continue Monterey's participation on Sunday, August 1.

August (date to be announced). "The Historic District." Betsey Friedberg of the Massachusetts Historical Commission will present a slide program illustrating what other towns in the Commonwealth have accomplished in their Historic Districts. These are actual examples. Discussion will cover the requirements, if any, associated with a Historic District and how other towns have been able to convert appropriate sites and buildings into functioning, fully equipped municipal centers. What are the financial incentives? Would it be suitable for Monterey? Is the town's historic past important for its future? Come and bring your questions.

For further information, contact: Cynthia Weber, 528-3698.

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The Bidwell House

Enjoy July! This is the month to celebrate independence, see a parade, garden, take time off, go to an outdoor concert, and explore the Berkshires.

If you are looking for an enriching and fun way to spend an afternoon, come for a tour of The Bidwell House, which is one of the oldest and finest Colonial homes in the Berkshires. Once you step up the stone steps and enter the richly paneled "Keeping Room," you will be enveloped in New England history. The house exhibits a rare and impressive collection of eighteenth-century furnishings and decorative arts that presents a tangible connection to the life of the Bidwells, an early Berkshire family. After the house tour, stroll through the perennial gardens, and the heirloom vegetable and herb gardens, or take a walk on one of the property's woodland trails. A visit to The Bidwell House is also an interesting way to entertain your houseguests.

Besides house tours, the museum offers an array of special events throughout the season.

Expand your garden knowledge and techniques with a Bidwell House garden program. As part of I-Love-Monterey Day on Saturday, July 17, The Bidwell House is presenting the *Homestead Garden* at 2:00 p.m. It is a hands-on program demonstrating historic gardening techniques. Discussion will pursue the history of the homestead garden and its effect on the culture at large. The evolution of tools will be another primary focus. Participants will get to use a variety of antique tools. Master historical gardener Tom Weldon, who was the head gardener at Hancock Shaker Village for four years, will present the program. This event is free and sponsored by the Massachusetts Foundation for the Humanities.

For that outdoor concert, try The Bidwell House Annual Folk Concert, which will be held on Saturday, July 24 from 2:00-4:00 p.m. The museum will host "ted porter & cronies," a three-piece traditional band that performs music inspired by the oral traditions of ballads, folk dance tunes from European traditions as well as the Appalachian moun-



Ted Porter will be joined by two local folk musicians for a fun afternoon of traditional music at The Bidwell House Annual Folk Concert, Saturday, July 24.

tains, and New England sea shanties. The members of the group perform on a variety of acoustic instruments, including an antique Baroque flute and mandolin, banjo, tenor guitar, mandola, and steel drum, to name but a few. They involve the audience with lots of participation and promise to warm the heart and nourish the mind with historic music.

Ted Porter has been on the folk music circuit for over twenty years, playing at such revered venues as the Philadelphia Folk Festival, the Iron Horse, and the Fox Hollow Festival, in addition to NPR's *All Things Considered*. Ted is a striking performer and a powerful vocalist capable of captivating audiences by voice alone. His flute playing melts the heart as it soars through strains of ancient Irish airs; his mandolin playing is imaginative and very appealing. Two Great Barrington musicians, Daren Todd and Morgan Rael, will accompany Ted. Daren's instruments include mandola, banjo, and an odd acoustic bass called the bass banjo harp. Daren has played four years in Arlo Guthrie's band and has toured with John Sebastian. Morgan's musical history is diverse and intriguing; He has played with such notables as Pete Seeger, and has recorded with Aerosmith. With this ebullient and eclectic mix you can be guaranteed an excellent afternoon

of musical entertainment for the whole family.

The Bidwell House Annual Folk Concert is sponsored by the local Cultural Councils of Monterey, Alford/Egremont, Great Barrington, Lenox, New Marlborough, Sandisfield, Stockbridge, and Tyringham, all local agencies of the Massachusetts Cultural Council. The concert will be two fifty-minute sets and will be held on the museum lawn with a large tent for shelter. Admission is \$8 for adults, \$5 for children, \$6 for museum members and \$4 for members' children. Please note that house tours will be offered at a reduced rate for concert-goers from 11:00 to 2:00 only on the day of the concert. For more information and in case of rain call 413 528-6888.

—Anita Carroll-Weldon

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1999 McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarships Awarded

The Berkshire Taconic Community Foundation has announced the 1999 scholarships from the McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Fund established by the late Edith L. Wilson in her name and the name of Margaret S. McLaughlin.

This year fourteen Monterey students have been awarded scholarships with a total value of \$80,500. These are the largest awards given out to date both in total amount and in number of awards. Eleven of the fourteen students have had their scholarships renewed as they continue their college careers, and three are graduating from high school. Members of the McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Committee are Peter Brown, Jed Lipsky, Anne Makuc, Marta Makuc, and Laurie Shaw.

Renewal Awards: Morgan Schick (Colorado College), Josh Aerie (Oberlin College), Yogen Kushi (Emerson College), Ellen Hamm (Tulane University), Noah Wright (Kansas State University), Shaylan Burkhart (King's College), Carey Leining (Nyack College), Bethany Sadlowski (Boston University), Morgan Clawson (Arizona State University), Samantha Goldfinger (University of Vermont), and Michelle Grotz-Rhone (Columbia University).

Many renewal students told the committee what this award has meant to them: "My heartfelt thanks for your continued support; with your help, the future looks bright indeed," said Josh Aerie. Yogen Kushi, now a senior, commented, "Through the fund's generous assistance over the past three years, I have traveled and studied in Europe, continued my education in theatre, and have been given the opportunity to grow even more in other areas like photography. Thank you for believing in my ability to achieve my goals, which has given me the confidence to expand and develop them further than I ever thought possible."

New Awards: The new winners are Lucy Rosenthal, a graduating senior of Berkshire School, who will be attending the University of Miami; David Shea, a

graduating senior of Monument Mountain Regional High School, who has been accepted at Northeastern University; and Rachel Haapanen, a 1998 graduate of The Master's Christian School, who will be going to Ferris State University in Michigan.

The final amounts awarded depended upon each student's need and took into consideration other college aid and scholarships. The awards are given in three forms: an outright grant and/or a scholarship loan. When loans are given out, no interest is charged and the student may have the loan forgiven after graduation as he or she demonstrates involvement in community service. In this manner, the loan part of the program helps students meet college expenses and is a long-term community service incentive. Community service will generally be in the form of volunteer hours given to assist the needs of the community in which the student resides after graduation.

Edith Wilson created the fund as a testament to her love of Monterey, particularly its young people. She wanted college-bound Monterey residents to have additional financial help for their further education. When creating the fund, Miss Wilson said, "Monterey is a spirited village where intelligent children grow. Miss McLaughlin and I have enjoyed their progress over the past half century. It is now my privilege to give the McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Fund to aid Monterey's young adults in their future education. Good life and good luck!"

Scholarship application forms for the year 2000 will be available as of January at the Monterey Library, the Berkshire Bank (Great Barrington branch), or by calling the foundation offices at 1-800-969-2823 or 528-8039.



African storyteller Eshu Bumpus

New Marlborough/ Monterey School News

On Friday, May 7, New Marlborough Central School was pleased to have African storyteller Eshu Bumpus spend the entire day with the students. Mr. Bumpus performed at a school assembly and then conducted storytelling and writing workshops in the various classrooms. For the children and teachers it was a valuable experience and the perfect wrap-up for their yearlong study of Africa. This program was supported by a grant from the

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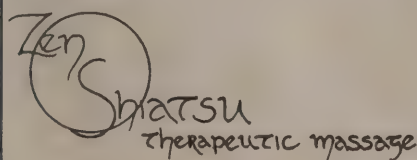
New Marlborough Cultural Council, a local agency funded by the Massachusetts Cultural Council.

The end of the school year is a time of many finals. The final concerts of the year took place on May 6 and 25, when our third- and fourth-grade choristers performed with their Undermountain counterparts. Final field trips were taken to the Norman Rockwell Museum (Mrs. Potter's third/fourth grade) and Plimouth Plantation (third grade only). The final total for the St. Jude's Math-a-thon was an impressive \$787.93. Ray Duryea was the top fund-raiser and won a boom box for his efforts. The last Reading Is Fundamental book distribution took place along with a book swap among the students. The New Marlborough First Responders paid a last visit to help students compile a disaster survival kit. The last PTA-sponsored event, a potluck dinner and Fourth Grade Recognition Night took place on June 14. The fourth graders sang several selections and then were presented with certificates of achievement, tee shirts imprinted with their class picture, and a yearbook. They in turn presented their garden to the school.

And finally, after four years, this is my last column for the *Monterey News*. Dinah moves on to the fifth grade and Undermountain next year, and it's time for me to move on also. When I started writing this column, NMC and Monterey School were under threat of closure. We have come a long way since then, but I still urge all who love these two schools to keep the passion for them alive. Support the schools, the staff, and most of all our students. Thank you.

— Debbie Mielke

And thank you, Debbie, for a job well done. We need a new school reporter, so if anyone is interested please contact me. Ed.



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Lake Garfield Association Its Future Is in Our Hands

Last month in the *Monterey News*, Jana Shepard wrote an interesting article on the history of the association and how its founder and members have carefully nurtured Lake Garfield. Our concern now is that we keep upgrading the quality of the lake so that our children and grandchildren continue to benefit from this beautiful and valuable resource. Over the last few years, membership has fallen off. Without a strong association to monitor lake quality and receive and benefit from creative suggestions from lake users, the lake will suffer.

On Saturday, July 24, at 10 a.m. at the Firehouse, The Lake Garfield Association will meet for the second time this summer. At that meeting, we will organize a Lake Management Team composed of seven to nine people. You will be asked to select one of the following areas in which you are most interested:

Science & Ecology: vegetation (or weeds), wildlife, lake biology.

Recreation: boating, swimming, fishing.
Aesthetics: maintaining the beauty and serenity of the lake.

Governance: Parks Commission, Selectperson for liaison with the Town.

Safety: to keep the lake accident free.

Town Beach: townspeople and second-home owners who use the Town Beach.

Children: any children who want to be represented, preferably 8 or older.

Other: anything we have not thought of.

At the meeting, you will pick one of the above areas and join with others who have the same interest and meet for a short time in small groups. Each group will dialogue about the future of the lake. Once we create a Big Picture of our lake's future from the small groups' thinking, then each group will appoint someone to serve on the Management Team for two years. Membership on the Management Team will rotate among the members of each small group.

The Management Team will meet once in the spring and once at the end of the summer. Any issues or questions that you have over the year will be communicated to the member of the Team that represents your issue. For example, if you have a particularly difficult weed problem, or a beaver is building a dam and blocking your swimming area, you would contact the team representative of the Science & Ecology section. At the Spring meeting, when the team meets, these issues would be addressed by the whole team with experienced facilitators.

Through this process, we hope to be able to deal with thorny issues with everyone's input and come up with creative solutions. This plan will not take up much time and is intended to represent everyone's interest. It is important to realize that if you want to take part in your lake's future, you must come to the meeting to start the process. Come whether you are a member of the association or not. Nothing will happen without your participation. And, if nothing happens, we will all lose.

— Judy Bach

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Girls of Spring

*Sunny golden girls of spring
with sunlight in their hair—
Yellow & green & palest cream
dresses them so fair.
In contrast to their pale green shimmer
dark pine trees stand among them.
They look like guardians of the girls
reaching to protect them,
When all the while the springtime girls—
maple, birch, and poplar—
Dance & sing & wave their arms—
Listen! Hear their laughter!*

— Louise Henry

The Life of a Poet's Husband

*He's aroused from sleep when the light goes on ...
She's writing the lyrics for a song!
It's time to rise and start the day,
To milk the cows and mow the hay.
"I'll have a good breakfast within the hour,"
He thinks, while singing in the shower,
"I can smell the muffins baking now,
She makes good breakfasts anyhow!"
Then the bacon burns as she adds a line
To the poem she started at suppertime.
The dear little man never complains;
He admires her endeavors all the same.
She should leave for work but she can't go yet ...
She must write this down lest she forget.
She'll miss her ride if she doesn't hurry ...
Her nose is stuck in the dictionary!
He teases, saying, "You'll never reach fame."
Still she's in there pitching with might and main.
"Some day," says she, "he may be surprised—
The day that I win that NOBEL PRIZE!"*

— Eleanor Kimberley

Sir Real

*Knighted by chance,
courted by most,
his fatuous glance
upset the host,
who smiled with his mouth
but shot with his eyes
a steady look back
at the knight in disguise.
The look went unnoticed
by most in the room,
but not by the hostess
who pardoned herself
away from her guests,
and maneuvering, wove
through the crowd to his side.
She inquired discreetly
what shot from his eyes.
He said it was nothing.
A fool set it off.*

*The music was playing.
The night was still young.
The courtiers were swaying.
The dancers were hung
upon every note
the orchestra played.
The light from the candles
made shadows seem real,
but the knight by that name
remained still as a statue.*

— Peter Shepley

Tyringham

There are places
you can go.
Beaches with sand
pink/white/black.
Sunsets so peach and purple
that the sky seems
to have blushed, bruised.
You can climb mountains,
cower under volcanos,
wade through rivers,
see cities with ruins
and without
skylines, secret in-spots,
towers, amphitheaters,
lions at the gate
You can peek in palaces,
smooch stones worn smooth,
wail at walls, wish in wells,
toss coins in fountains,
sluice through canals,
explore jungles, coves, caves,
camel through deserts,
tramp over glaciers, moors,
barrier reefs, from Northern light
to the tip of fire,
travel to ports,
places pressed into postcards,
cast into charms that dangle
from some narrow wrist.
You can even go
where few
have seen fit to find.

Fallasarna, at Crete's edge,
was wide, white,
bleached blank
save the man in a cloth

walking, walking.
He split and shared
a round pink melon
along the wine dark sea.
And long before that
there was Aunt Nicky's
tub nearly as foamy,
exotic, deep.

But now I must
take the turn
past the one-room school.
In the sloped yard,
a rusty red cylinder,
slick silver slide,
and swings stand empty.
It is a place to see.
Come to think of it,
the view
of my own garden
is probably lovely too,
but keeping me
from the window
are bills, broken plumbing,
books and beans to bake.
So I keep my eyes
on the road
which curves up, up,
then falls, flattens
at a lake whose shore
is not pink/white/black
but all, the water
deep as memory
and just as weedy.
I do not stop
because the road veers
leaping first right,

then left, up and down,
sharp hairpins,
followed by curves
persuasive as my old Aunt
holding up the towel.
I come to an 'S'
so fierce it hisses
as I steer first this way
then that.
Finally, it levels
at a glade
spotted cows on one side,
wild turkeys on the other.

The Valley opens
like God's hand
revealing
headland, cobble,
sky, stream, trail,
forest, farm, flower,
bird, horse, dog,
me.
A Homer canvas
waiting to be
drawn,
traced and re-traced,
painted.
And it is a relief,
somehow,
just
plain good
to know,
that at the end
of this rolling road
there is
Tyringham.

— M. E. Mishcon

Gould Farm News

We've had a busy spring at the farm, but our cheeks are rosy (or sun-burned?) and our moods have become more sunny as the weather has warmed. We've been spending as much time outside as possible: swimming, playing basketball and softball, going on hikes, barbecuing, and just lounging on the grass. Our gardens are coming in, though there's a groundhog who seems to believe he has a lease on our broccoli, brussels sprouts, and cabbage.

We had fun being part of the Memorial Day parade, riding in style in Ellen Pearson's carriage behind her high-stepping strutters. We had a very successful coffeehouse in Great Barrington at the Uncommon Grounds Café in May, in commemoration of Mental Health Awareness Month. We were happy to see performers and audience members from the local community and from the Austen Riggs Center join us. It was a wonderful gathering, and we plan to stage it again next May.

We've had a great time dancing with Karl Finger this spring, and are sad

to see him go for the summer. But two other local folks will be doing other workshops with us, one on African drumming and one on basketry. A nice break for hands that have pulled weeds, stacked hay, chopped onions, or typed official documents all day!

We are looking forward to Monterey Day, preparing a float, some theater, and lots of food to share with all of you. In other summer news, Vikki True will be at Roadside for "Ribs, Rhythm, and Blues" on August 15 at 4 p.m.

And we would like to thank Representative Hodgkins for his lovely article in last month's issue.

We need volunteers to work in a small childcare setting at Gould Farm. If you love children, if you like to laugh and play outside, if you enjoy gardening, hard work, and cleaning up, if you are patient, creative, fair and responsible, and, most of all, if

you are able to make sure children are safe and having fun, please call Paula at 413/528-1804, ext. 17.

— Heidi Haverkamp



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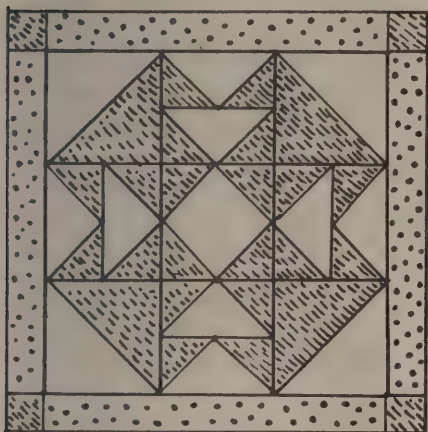
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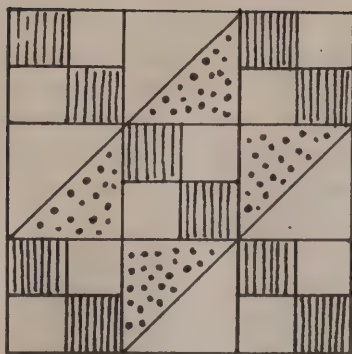
Have Needle, Will (Time) Travel A Bit of Southern Comfort

Will Marsh's maternal grandmother made quilts. She made them in North Carolina, where Will's mother, Eunice Marsh, remembers growing up on the family's old home place.

"My mother made more than a hundred quilts," Mrs. Marsh recalled on her recent visit to Will and Glynis on River Road. When she and Will spread two of the quilts across a bed, it was easy to see that their pride in their foremother's craft was well founded.



"My mother made her quilts from traditional patterns. She called this one a T-Block," Mrs. Marsh said, reaching out and touching the more formal of the quilts (above). It's made of ecru and patterned-red pieced blocks, set into a framework of dark green rectangles and solid red squares.



Then Mrs. Marsh looked searchingly at the brighter of the two quilts, a scrappy confection so colorful it could be called The Party, or, maybe, The Confetti Quilt. The pattern used (above) for its blocks is called Road to California.

"I was looking for pieces of my mother's aprons," she mused. Although she didn't find any apron fragments or scraps of clothes she herself had worn, Mrs. Marsh did point out fabrics she remembered from other family members' clothing.

People who live in her memory also include George Burns and William Parker. These men, once her grandfather's slaves, didn't leave home after the war gave them the freedom to stay or to go. Each man still lived in his own cabin on the old home place while Eunice was growing up.

Both of the quilts now in Will's care were made later in his grandmother's life, after she had moved in with a grown daughter. Will's mother, though, still remembers quilting bees at the old home place with lots of women stitching and chatting around her mother's quilting frame.

Memories of the place where his maternal family put down its roots are strong in Will as well, although Mrs. Marsh wishes there were some way she could transfer to her children the images she carries in her own heart and mind of the land as she remembers it from childhood. Something about the wealth of pecan trees and the roll of the hills, the fragrance of the air, the colors of the sky and the lush abundance of the gardens is there in the quilts, though.

Maybe the essence of the vision has been passed to Will already, bound in his grandmother's quilts.

— MaryKate Jordan



Piecemakers' Update

On July 17, you, too, can see "Stars in the Garden." The quilt the Monterey Piecemakers created to benefit The Bidwell House will be on display during I Love Monterey Day. When you see it, we're confident you'll line up—if necessary—to purchase your raffle tickets. They're only \$2 apiece, 6 for \$10, or a whole galaxy of ten pages, 60 tickets, for \$100.

Take a chance on becoming an even greater part of local history than you already are. On behalf of The Bidwell House, see you on I Love Monterey Day.

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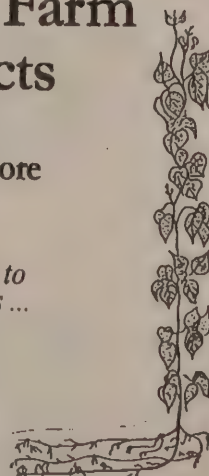
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Smiling in the Garden, Twenty-Five Years

Last year at this time, before I'd even hit fifty, I was in trouble in the garden. Something had happened to my knees and I couldn't crouch over the beds tapping in seeds, thinning, weeding, excavating for cutworms. I'm to where I don't even care what the origin of my injuries might be—I just want to get over them fast. Last year this was not to be, and I spent the summer either bending way over from the waist or scooting along the ground on my bottom, legs extended. I'm not complaining. I was lucky I had some options that let me keep on gardening.

This summer, well past the fifty mark, my knees are miraculously cured, who knows why. I am once again the champion squatter, the person with the longest leg tendons in the family. I go scuttling along like a duck, quite sprightly, dealing with matters from ground level to about eighteen inches up. (For those upper levels, I stand and bend at the waist, no problem.)

One thing I like about gardening is that you never get it licked. There is always some new challenge, some new mix of disaster and delight, to keep the old brain ticking over. Last year it was the knees, an internal problem, plus the continuing tomato mystery: Why should a garden which had produced fine crops of tomatoes for twenty-five years, run out of

steam in that department? I solved the internal problem with new gardening postures, as I mentioned, but the tomatoes had me stumped, so in desperation I turned to the experts. Even a person who has gardened for twenty-five years has to be ready to do this.

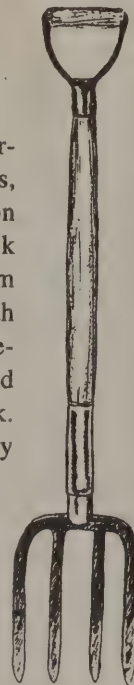
I sent off my soil sample without a blush and got back the startling news that my garden is over composted, the soil way out of balance. I need to withhold organic matter for at least two years, while at the same time sprinkling on gypsum, the white stuff of sheetrock fame, in order to raise the calcium level in my beds. I am happy with this new direction, maybe just because it sounds so bizarre. I would never have thought to try sheetrock.

Most gardeners are happy to try new tricks. I heard of a guy who put his old broken guitar strings to work in the garden. He would coil them up and hang them on his tomato stakes where they would rust gently during the summer, protecting his crop (or so he maintained) from tomato hornworms. I have broken guitar strings saved up in case a hornworm ever darkens my beds, but meanwhile I am digging in the gypsum and imagining I already see a response. Of course, it

could just be the perfect tomato weather we've had since mid-May, or the new variety I decided to try. If the tomatoes come roaring in, I won't be sure what cured them, just as I don't know why my knees got over themselves. As a scientist, I will be mystified; as a gardener, I'll be happy.

At fifty I have been using reading glasses for some time, especially late in the day, but this is the first year I have taken them to the garden with me. My first great need came at carrot-planting time. Carrot seeds are about the smallest thing I plant, unless you count snapdragons, but I do them in the kitchen in flats. Even so I do not need glasses for planting carrots since I can pretty much pinch them out at the rate I like by feel. The reason I had to hike back down to the house for glasses this year was that I had unexpected help with planting.

I was going along like a duck putting in the Nantes Fancy seeds by feel in the lower bed. When I got all done and stood up (without a creak) to move to the upper bed, I couldn't find the seed packet. I'd left it at the front end of the bed and now I couldn't spot it. I know my eyes are not bad enough to lose a whole packet, but my memory has lost much



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bigger items than that recently. Maybe I'd never actually put the packet down? Just then I noticed a Canada Gold carrot seed packet fragment some feet away. Somebody, not myself, had done big damage to the little paper envelope. A quick scan with my still-excellent distance vision picked up a black and tan dog, mine, one-hundred feet away with whiteness at the mouth where no whiteness should have been.

There were little bright bits of packet broadcast through the potato patch, plus evidence of a major stop-and-shred session in the strawberries. This is where I needed the glasses: for picking carrot seeds out of strawberry plants. I did the best I could to get some Canada Golds in the designated bed, and now, a month later, I have some respectable little plants, green feathers about three inches high. I've just been up there again with the glasses, weeding and thinning. Where I don't need my glasses is in the potato patch. This is where the dog-planted carrots are up in crazy big clumps, twice the height of my nurtured and tended ones. Why is this? The ground wasn't even loosened there, the seed just dribbled on top. Ruby's carrots are galloping along just like her, while mine, fussed over and pampered, look like this is the year their knees are bothering them. What is the deal here? I am not sure I'll ever know, and this is one of the things that keeps a gardener smiling.

— Bonner McAllester

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Wildlife Observations

Dick Tryon reports an invasion of cliff swallows that have established a colony of their unique nests on the side of his barn. These nests are clay pots, unbaked, but cleverly placed so that the rain rarely reaches them. They are often under overhanging cliffs, hence the name. Now that they are there, they are likely to return every spring like the swallows of Capistrano.

There have been more bear sightings. Beth King saw a "humongous" black bear near Beartown Mountain Road (and why not?). Nancy Rowley spotted one crossing Route 23 between the Roadside Store and Fairview Road. And Will Marsh of River Road was watching a rufous-sided towhee at his birdfeeder about 7:30 one morning when a large black bear approached for an inspection tour. Will was safely on a second-floor deck, but he thought his eighty-six-year-old mother was out somewhere for a walk and might return at any time, so he let caution overcome his curiosity and clapped his hands, whereupon the bear ambled back across the yard and into the woods.

Will also reports seeing a red fox carrying a squirrel in its mouth beside Route 57 in Sandisfield.

The McAllesters and Bakers have

been watching a huge snapping turtle for years at the east end of Lake Garfield. It was the terror of ducks and geese. This spring it was lying in the water at the edge of the lake, looking as though it were still half-hibernating, but over several weeks it got increasingly torpid and finally died. Who knows how old? It was three and a half feet from the tip of its rugged tail to its formidable jaws.

— David P. McAllester

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Remembering Arthur Somers

Arthur Sylvester Somers II, a longtime resident of Monterey, died on May 29 in Lake Placid, Florida. His funeral service was held on June 5 in Our Lady of the Hills Chapel on Beartown Mountain Road, which was built by his family. Born November 26, 1919, Mr. Somers was a decorated Marine dive bomber pilot in World War II and later made a career in insurance. He was active in community affairs in Monterey and was a longtime associate of Gould Farm. Alice Somers, Arthur's wife of fifty-seven years, has graciously shared the following memories of Arthur and their life in Monterey.

First of all, I want to correct an error in the local papers' obituaries. Arthur's grandfather did not build "Rock Ridge," which was built in 1898 by Curtis Judd. He did build a large home in 1918, christened "Somerset" but always called "the Big House" by us. This is the house on Route 23 now occupied by Bruce Kelly.

At that time Arthur's mother and father lived in a house on Lake Garfield known as "Pine Grove," which had been used for many years as a fishing club, and had a large sweeping lawn to the lake where town festivities and baseball games were held. Arthur's mother called her home "Glen Fern," and indeed there were many species of ferns on the property, including the lovely maidenhair and the rare climbing fern. This is now an inn owned by Dr. and Mrs. Oislander, and known as Lakeside Terrace.

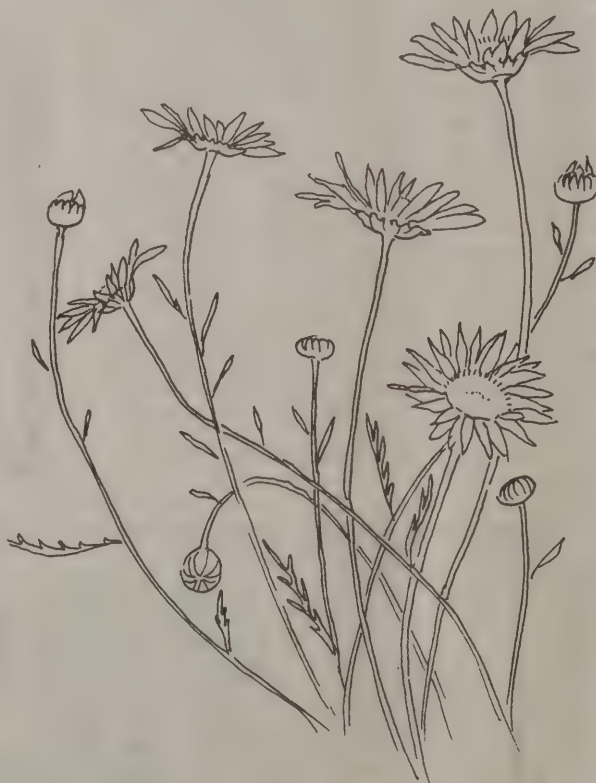
The third house in the compound was directly on the lake, where President Garfield had once fished from the front porch. (He must have done a lot of fishing in the Berkshires.) Arthur's father renovated this cottage for us to use on leave from the Marines Corps, and Arthur dubbed it "Mouse Manor," as we inevitably shared it with the deer mice. Mrs. Freudlich lives there now, and her son has transformed the ice house into another cottage.

When I first visited Arthur here in 1938 (we had met at college), I was

deeply impressed with the beauty and serenity of the place. He had spent every summer here since he was born in 1919, and it was truly a part of him. We canoed around the lake each morning, exploring its coves and admiring the glistening quartz stones along its shores. We swam afternoons and in the moonlight, and often rowed across the lake to climb Mount Hunger and investigate its charms.

There were no telephones to disturb our peace. Arthur's father was a congressman representing Brooklyn, and here Julius Miner used to arrive with telegrams. We always enjoyed his company, and I often accompanied him in his truck when he was delivering groceries, to meet the neighbors.

Arthur's father, Andrew, was at heart an artist, and was a true statesman rather



than a politician. He had a garden of glorious blue delphinium over six feet tall, built stone walls with Perry Fargo, and once surprised us all by painting the brick fireplace cobalt blue! We treasure still his wood carvings of ducks and pheasants.

Arthur's only chore was mowing the lawn with a hand mower. He did this with the same loving touch years later when he mowed with a tractor at Rock Ridge.

We were married in 1942 and soon bought "McDonough's hunting cabin"

on Fairview Road, and eighty-five acres on Beartown Mountain across the road. I had always summered at the Jersey shore and expected to long for the ocean. However, I was so enchanted by the beauties of Beartown—its pink lady's slippers, native azaleas, ginseng, and especially its marvelous mushrooms (which became my lifetime quest) that the ocean receded, except for a delightful revisit now and then.

Arthur was happy no matter where he lived, as long as it was in Monterey.

We moved next to "Peggy's Folly" on Beartown Mountain Road, which we bought from Mr. Van den Hove. This was a year-round house big enough for our four children to enjoy skiing in the winter. Here we had our best gardens, as

Peggy had left us rich cultivated soil. Arthur became an inveterate gardener, and we grew all our own vegetables. He liked to grow unusual things like blue potatoes and peanuts the year Jimmy Carter was elected president. We changed its name to "Hupi Farm" and enjoyed its thirty acres and two brooks. Here we saw our first flocks of evening grosbeaks, a snowy owl, and a white snowshoe hare,

Unfortunately, the low ceilings of this 200-year-old farmhouse proved uncomfortable for us, and we looked around for another year-round house to retire to.

We had often admired the stone pillars of Rock Ridge as we canoed around the lake. Arthur's grandfather had owned it in the twenties and offered to give it to Arthur's mother, Edna. She had felt it might be dangerous for her family of small children, and they were very happy at "Glen Fern." We now thought it looked like a wonderful winter home and bought it in 1978 after Harold Schwab died.

Deborah Dunning, a Montereyite and a historian in Boston, suggested that Rock Ridge was "the jewel of Monterey" and should be preserved on the National Register of Historic Places. Through her efforts this was accomplished, and we were happy to share it with the Town for I Love Monterey Day festivities, conferences, and weddings.

In 1995 we sold Rock Ridge to Bob and Ginny Duffy, who have continued the tradition with the celebrations of Monterey's sesquicentennial in 1997 and Rock Ridge's one-hundredth birthday in 1998.

In the last few years our health prevented us from staying in Monterey in the winter. Arthur missed the Berkshire Hills and could never grow accustomed to the Florida scrubland, although he was beginning to enjoy our little orange grove and grapefruit and lemon trees, and had recently planted a redbud, two fig trees, and a persimmon tree.

Arthur's friend and mentor on the trumpet, Allan Dean, had sent a CD of Richard Dyer-Bennett's songs, and Arthur's last remark to me was, "I could die happy listening to this music." He died peacefully in his sleep that afternoon, May 29, at our home in Lake Placid, Florida.

Many of Arthur's favorite things were tied up with Monterey. Some of them were: the dirt roads; taking the children to see Susan Sellew's goats and the animals at Gould Farm; the "old" dump, which he considered Monterey's social gathering place; having lunch at the Roadside Store.

Arthur and Sally Fijux were lifelong friends, and they died within a week of each other. Sally remembered a lot more about his family than Arthur did!

Arthur's body now rests among the mountain laurel on his beloved Mount Hunger. His higher spirit remains with all of us who love him.

Remembering Sally Fijux

Sally L. Fijux, a longtime Monterey resident on Lake Garfield, died Sunday, June 6, at Kimball Farms in Lenox.

She was born October 17, 1909, in Brooklyn, the daughter of Alex L. and Letitia Guden. After earning a Bachelor's of Science degree, she taught chemistry and worked in admissions at Adelphi College in Garden City, N.Y. Her sorority was Delpha Delpha Delpha.

Sally married her childhood neighbor and sweetheart, John Fijux, "Bud," in the Monterey Church of Christ on August 13, 1935. John died in 1978. She summered at her grandparents' summer home in Monterey all her life. When she moved from her Linbrook, Long Island, home to Kimball Farms, she continued to occupy the cottage in the summers, until recently.

She knew many stories of early Monterey, some of which were recorded in the sesquicentennial history book, *Monetery: A Local History*. She remembered riding to town with her brothers in a cart pulled by their pet goat, as well as attending formal teas and parties, and golfing at the Monterey Golf Club before World War II. She and Bud waterskied on Lake Garfield every afternoon, taking off from their dock—once around the small part of the lake.

Sally was very active in community affairs in Monterey. She was a

founder of the Monterey Historical Society and was involved in building the museum wing of the Monterey Library to house the artifact collection. She was also very involved in the progress of The Bidwell House and was recently named Trustee Emeritus. She was a loyal attendee of the Monterey Church of Christ and helped in the fundraising for the current renovation. Her other volunteer work included Arrowhead and the Berkshire Botanical Garden in Stockbridge.

Sally was a woman of many interests and kept right up to date with town affairs, friend's activities, and world affairs. While she was still driving, not many months ago, she was a regular at local restaurants, the Monterey Post Office and the General Store, and continued to visit favorite spots.

Sally was like one of our family. She was strong, independent, and bright to the very end. She was stubborn and she was fun. A vital lady.

— Fran Amidon

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About Astrology Recipe for Raising a Moon Child

Give birth during between June 21 and July 20. Offer this child's soft heart a pastel flannel sleeve it can call home. Bathe often. Cuddle; sing to. Provide with toys and a sandbox.

Encourage swimming, and breathing salt air, as often as possible. Add a full baseball team of younger siblings. And be prepared to stir in a large helping of cousins, neighbors, and friends. Your creation is a home-lover who revels in extended family.

Feed, regularly and often, but don't limit the diet to physical food. This little one easily equates food with love, so make sure to nurture the baby's heart with warm affection, his mind with music, and his soul with spiritual direction. This recipe does not keep well in the freezer.

Listen for the sound of liquids coming to a boil. Expect a wide range of emotional expression, howling belly laugh to sullen withdrawal. This child feels at one with the Moon whose constancy is change, whose power moves the tides. Let him cry a bit. A few tears add flavor to the meal. But never whip; stir gently.

Remember that each child is delivered to Earth in a soft, helpless packet called infancy, and is so sweet you could just gobble him or her right up. That very idea's scary enough to make a

Moon baby want to develop a good strong calcium-rich shell to hide in. That's why this is also called the sign of the Crab, who carries a protective shield wherever she goes. Fold in large helpings of compassionate listening and healthy laughter.

Ease your little one into peer relationships. Moon children experience the parent-child bond so deeply that the meeting of equal partners in a friendship of peers can feel confusing. Their emotional antennae pick up every nuance, so it's easy for them to feel deeply sad, even guilty, when the needs of those they love are not met. And your Moon Child loves, a lot.

So, in early encounters with other children, gently wean your little one from taking on a strictly parental, or infantile, role. Check the playground for safety hazards, but, once that's done, allow him or her to fall down, skin physical and emotional knees, and discover that healing happens.



© WAYNE DUNLOP

That way, when he or she does, inevitably, begin to take care of others—one grown Moon Child I know married another Moon Child who was a widow with ten children—your little Crab will scuttle sideways into freedom: the freedom to love with a confident heart. How delicious.

— MaryKate Jordan

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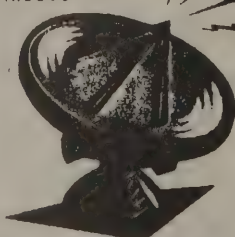


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Sharing the Roads

To the Editor:

Summer is here and this is a good thing. But it brings more people and traffic to our roads, which means that motor vehicles need to share the roads with pedestrian and bicycle traffic. I write to remind the townspeople that we need to be courteous and aware of each other's presence on the roadways. In particular, I am concerned about Tyringham Road between the beach and the center of town. I want to stress that the road needs to be shared by all. Increasingly, as a motorist I am encountering pedestrians who are walking with traffic, not against it, and unfortunately some of them seem to feel

the road is more a footpath than a roadway. Often as I slowly approach pedestrians walking side by side I end up swerving quite far into the oncoming lane to go around them; little effort is made to walk in tandem. Obviously it will only be a matter of time before this leads to an accident. As a longtime member of the Fire Department, I dread that day. I feel it is great that many townspeople are walking and not driving, but the road needs to be shared. It is a narrow, windy road, and we must all be careful and courteous when using it. I encourage pedestrians to be aware of motorists, walk against traffic, and please make some attempt to accommodate the oncoming traffic.

— John Makuc

Go Ask Nick

To the Editor:

The next time anyone sees Nick Wool, feel free to ask him how he came to the rescue of a lady in distress in Wales on his recent trip to England, Scotland, and Wales. I was there as a witness, and it was quite hilarious.

— Norma Champigny



Peter S. Vallianos Attorney at Law 528-0055

General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions, landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

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Ellen Pollen, Associate

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Remembering Bob Theriot 1946-1998

Bob Theriot's absence leaves a huge gap in our midst. Our game is diminished without our manager and friend.

*Though the flame may die, the
light shines on.*

We miss you.

— Your fellow Monterey Sunday
softball players



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Personal Notes

On May 22nd, the Berkshire Children's Chorus gave a concert at the DeSisto School in Stockbridge. The featured work was a setting by Steven Murray of poems by A. A. Milne. This work, which received its premiere at the concert, was commissioned by Michael DeSisto for the Chorus, whose members include Monterey residents **Cora Baker** and **Colm Higgins**.

Other Monterey residents were honored at the Monument Mountain Regional High School Awards Assembly on Wednesday, June 9. Receiving awards were sophomores **Maggie Clawson**, **Lauren Goldfinger**, **Deirdre Higgins**, and **Mariah Rutherford-Olds**. Congratulations to all of you!

Congratulations also to **Jesse Elisabeth King**, who recently graduated from Smith College. Daughter of **Alan** and **Beth King** and granddaughter of **Alice O. Howell**, Jesse majored in neuroscience and was elected to Sigma Phi, an honorary science association.

A belated Happy Birthday on June 30 to **Gary Shaw**. Birthday greetings for July go out to **Nancy Kalodner** on July 1, to **Jason Monk** on July 2, to **Walter Parks**, our Postmaster, on July 7, to **Jerry Raab** on July 14, to **Jessica Thorn** on July 15, to **Leonard Weber** on July 18, to **Joseph Kopetchny** on July 21, to **Richard Sheridan** on July 23, to **Thomas Lipsky** on July 24, to **Michael Bingham** on July 26, to **Charles McTavish** and **Darlene Monk** on July 28.

Happy Anniversary on July 1 to **Tim** and **Grace Burke**. Happy 40th Anniversary on July 19 to **Maury** and **Carolyn Mandel**, and Happy 1st Anniversary on July 25 to **Michael** and **Nancy (Monk) Bingham**.

We enjoy hearing your news, and passing on birthday and anniversary greetings. If you have any you would like to share, please drop me a line at P.O. Box 351, Monterey, MA 01245, before the twelfth of each month. Thank you so much.

— Ann Higgins

Contributors

We are grateful for contributions recently received from

Harold & Marion Ginsberg
Dorothy Beach
Howard Lefkowitz
David Bach
Lynn & John Seirup
Fred & Marie Leuchs
Alan & Susan Cohen
Kenneth Fitts
Daniel Wing & Yvette Lucas
Roger & Carol Kane
Bill & Marie Maxwell
Dwight & Susan Miller
Terrance Webb & Sylvie Favreau
Paul & Annette Hagen
Leonard & Toby Friedman
Robert & Barbara Gauthier
David & Jean Balderston
Jim & Tari Thomas
Mary Jo Ruggles
Norma Kerlinsky
Daniel & Barbara Parker
Robert & Mary Schneider
Joseph & Donna Putrino
William & Jean Everett
W. Ernest & Gloria Translateur
Winfield Ogden
Anita Linden
Herbert Newman
Hildegard Wolf

Susan Dunlop
Gerard & Carole Clarin
Paul & Judith Schweid
Louise Buonaguro & Annette Swanson
Gary & Laurie Shaw
Patricia Ryan
Edwin Salsitz
Ed & Joan Schur
Dorothy Jordan
Michael & Lois Storch
Arthur Monk
Robert Hudak
Richard & Martha Race
Norman & Bette Siegerman
Alan & Jane Salamon
Bruce & Judy Kaminstein
Judith Kaminstein
Ronald & Pearl Gunther
Jean Woodman & Robert McAllester
Leonard & Lynn Weisman
Charles & Debra Mielke
Richard & Jane Perin
Larry Heald & Deborah Rankin
A. Wilbert Koivisto
Jules & Barbara Dahlman
Alvin & Myrna Schneiderman
Jean Germain
William & Carol Ban
Carol Husten
Henry Goldberg
Gordon & Jean Nightingale
Joann Elam
Donald & Patricia Amstead
Albert Shepard

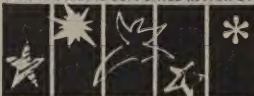
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Calendar

Bulky waste disposal days, July 7, 10, 11, Transfer Station, regular hours.

Every Thursday in July, Nature hikes with Bonner McAllester. Meet in church basement, 10 a.m. \$2/person.

Saturday, July 3, Art exhibit opening, 1-5 p.m., Tea Room, Main Street, Monterey. Paintings by Laurel Tewes, with music by Vikki True.

Saturday, Sunday, July 17, 18, I Love Monterey Days. See p. 3.

Saturday, July 17, 11 a.m. Monterey Land Trust annual meeting and hike, Mt. Hunger barway

Monday, July 19, La Leche League, 10:30-noon at Guthrie Center, Great Barrington. Free advice and support for breastfeeding. Information and directions, Maureen at 528-6619.

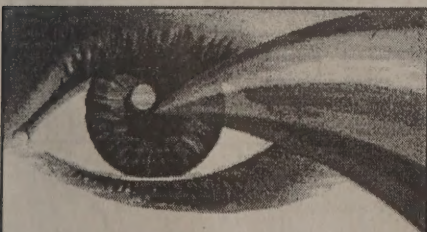
Tuesday, July 20, Blood pressure clinic, 9-10:30 a.m. in basement of Town Offices, administered by Visiting Nurses Association.

Friday, July 23, Monterey historical Society meeting, 7 p.m. (see p. 8)

Saturday, July 24

Square and contra dancing, 8:30-11:30 p.m. at the Sheffield Grange, Rt. 7, Sheffield, Mass. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Jeff Walker. All dances are taught, and beginners and children are welcome. Refreshments at intermission. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information 413-528-9385.

Annual Folk Concert, 2 p.m. at The Bidwell House, Art School Rd., Monterey: featuring "ted Porter & cronies" (see also p. 5). Adults \$8 children \$5. Information 528-6888.



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Hazardous Waste Disposal

Our Solid Waste District is working on setting up a hazardous waste collection day this August. Save your gasoline and gasoline mixed with oil, oil paint, varnish and shellac, solvents, herbicides, insecticides, flea and tick products, photographic chemicals, lye-based oven cleaner, drain and tub cleaners, floor wax and furniture polish, pool chemicals, dry cell batteries, kerosene, acids, chemistry sets, formaldehyde, wood preservatives, poisons.

Not accepted: ammunition, asbestos shingles, commercial waste, empty aerosol cans, medicines, radioactive materials (including smoke detectors), compressed gas cylinders, fireworks and explosives, auto batteries, latex paint.

Recyclable at our transfer station: waste oil, hearing aid batteries and other button cell batteries, tires, scrap metal.

Friday, July 30, Exhibition opening and reception, 5-8 p.m., New Marlborough Meeting House. Exhibit of local artists' responses to works of local writers.

Saturday, July 31, Ice harvesting tools exhibit, 9 a.m.-12 noon, Monterey Historical Society museum room.

The Observer

May 26 — June 25

High temp. (6/7) 91°
 Low temp. (5/28, 6/16) 43°
 Avg. high temp. 77.9°
 Avg. low temp. 50.5°
 Avg. temp. 64.2°
 High bar. press. (6/19, 6/20) ... 30.38"
 Low bar. press. (5/26) 29.60"
 High wind gust (5/27, 6/8) 27 mph.
 Total rainfall 0.83"
 Precipitation occurred on 9 days



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..... David McAllester
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Business Manager Barbara Tryon
Treasurer Mari Makuc

Our editorial address is *Monterey News*, P. O. Box 9, Monterey, MA, 01245. We invite letters, articles, drawings, and photographs from readers. Please send submissions (on PC disk if possible) by the fifteenth of the month before publication, addressed to the attention of the Editor. Send any change of address, or initial request to receive the

News by mail (free!) to Barbara Tryon, Business Manager. We will typeset a text-only ad for your Monterey-based business, service, or event, or advertisers may submit an ad with graphics on a PC formatted disk. Address your request for advertising rates and further information to the Editor, or telephone us in Monterey at 413-528-4347.

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*Contributions from local artists this month: Caitlin Lally, p. 7;
Bonner McAllester, p. 16; Glynis Oliver, pp. 3, 5, 18, 21.*

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